

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tossie the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou follow'd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poinet disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poinet* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinckes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no bate with telling of discrete stories: and such other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-lie performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol*.

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatter'ing Busses.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scurvie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poinet*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face of thine: what are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maieftie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraye me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*).

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned* none, I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hall*): none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entice Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead Elme, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damnd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hof. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Fal. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells against.

Hof. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Look to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, and there are twentie weake and wearied Postes, and

Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Capitaines, bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauerne, and asking euery one for Sir *Lobus Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Poinet*) I feele me much to blame, so idly to prophane the precious time, when Tempest of Commotion, like the South, and borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, and drop vpon our bare vnarm'd heads.

Give me my Sword, and Cloake.

Falstaffe, good night.

Falstaffe. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, a dozen Capitaines stay at doore for you.

Falstaffe. Pay the Musicians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst, Well (*sweete Lasse*) haue a care of thy selfe.

Falstaffe. Farewell, farewell, and I am *Exit*.

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honest; and truer-hearted inan. Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistress Teare-sheet.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress Teare-sheet come to my Master.

Hof. Oh ruine *Dol*, ruine: ruine, good *Dol*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit*.

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